

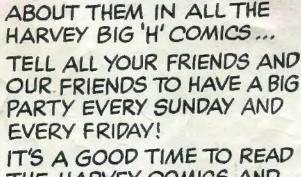


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HOT STUFF SIZZLERS, AUGUST, 1961. VOL. 1, NO. 5, 15 PUBLISHED QUARTERLY by ILLUSTRATED HUNGR, INC. at Sparta Ulinois, Editorial, Advertising and Executive Offices, 1869 Broadway, Now York 23, N. Y. President, Alfred Harvey, Vice-President and Editor, Loon Harvey, Vice-President and Business Manager, Robert B. Hervey, Application for second-class entry pending at Sparta, Illnois, Subscription rates, 4







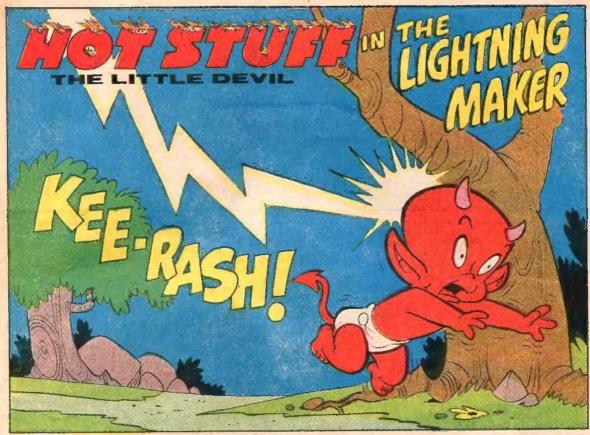






















































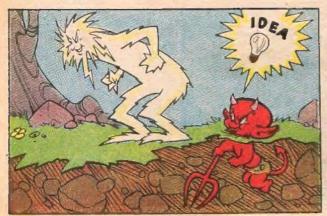










































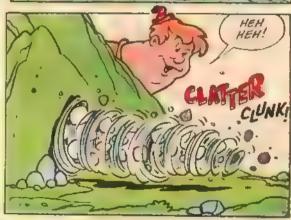






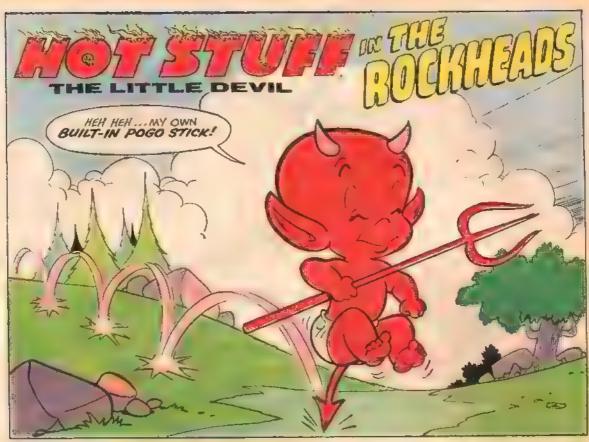
























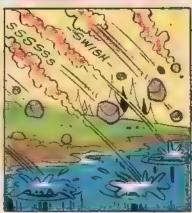






















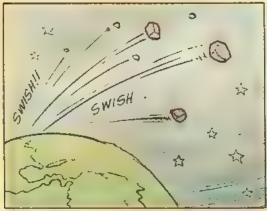










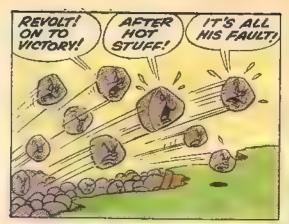




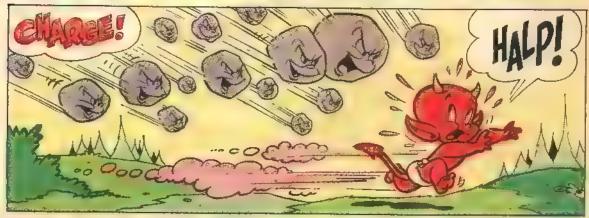














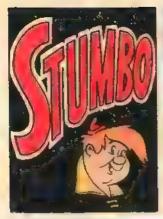








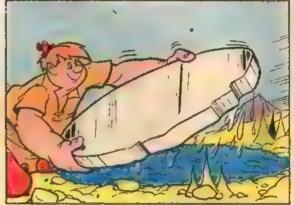






















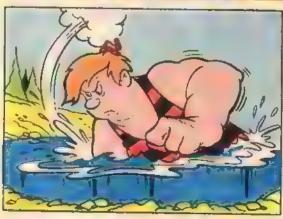














ONCE UPON A TIME.









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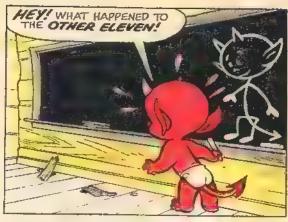


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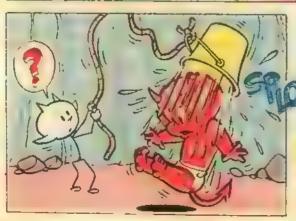














































Scandal's ADVENTURE

Scandal was a gay little black cocker spaniel puppy. His mother had named him Scandal because she said his blithe, devilmay-care spirit was sure to involve him in an honest-to-goodness scandal some one of these days! "That's why I want you to stay on this side of that fence!" she'd tell him, pointing to the picket fence that surrounded the yard they lived in. "You're to stay right here in this yard where you belong, young man! You're much too young to go gallivanting around outside! There's plenty of room for you to play right here!"

Scandal loved his mother, and he didn't want to hurt her or worry her by disobeying, but oh, how hard it was for him to resist the alluring world outside! He yearned so to see it, to find out for himself what it was like. And finally, one day, the lure became just too great for him to withstand. "Surely if I show Mother I can take care of myself ... maybe even if I bring her back a present ... she won't mind my going after all!" he reasoned. And with that, the naughty pup burrowed a hole under the fence and wriggled out!

Once on the other side, he ran as fast as his little legs could carry him, fearful that his mother would discover his absence and come after him. He ran until he was thoroughly out of breath, and when he stopped he found himself in a sprawling green meadow that sparkled beneath the noonday sun

like a rich green carpet. The sky above him was blue and cloudless. The air was fresh and sweet. "Oh, how lovely it is here?" Scandal exclaimed aloud. "How can anyone live inside a stuffy old yard when they can roam free and wide like this?"

So all that day he romped in the meadow. He played tag with his own tail. He pawed the grass. He made faces at the silent, stolid cows. All in all, he had a wonderful time. But as dusk grew near, he began to get hungry... and there was nothing there for a puppy dog to eat. Then... suddenly... night fell, and everything was different. The sky was dark and empty. The grass was wet and slippery. The cows became huge and tertifying shapes lurking in the darkness. Whimpering with fear, Scandal took to his heels.

But the night was so black, the meadow so huge... and Scandal so very small. In no time at all, he was hopelessly lost! Poor Scandal. He ran until his legs gave out... and then he dropped to the ground in a sobbing heap. Why, oh why hadn't he obeyed his mother? Why hadn't he stayed in his own yard...safe and warm and protected? Terror clutched at his heart all through the long, lonely hours of the night.

But at last it was dawn, and then, in the first faint rays of the sun, he could see the road that led ... home! He practically flew, rather than ran, the distance. And when, finally, he slipped through the hole under the fence back into the haven of the yard ... before his mother could even speak ... Scandal sobbed a solemn vow never, never to go exploring again!



OUTFOXED

One day, Mr. Fox and Mr. Wolf came staggering down a road. They were very hungry. Neither of them had had a square meal in days.

"Boy, if I don't get some food in me, I'm gonna dry up and blow away with the wind," moaned the fox. All the wolf could do was hold his stomach.

Suddenly, the ears of both animals shot up. They had heard the creaking of wheels. Then, their noses shot up. They had smelled fresh fish!

It was the fish-seller returning from his long trip to the sea. His cart was just filled with fish,

"FOOD!!!"

The wolf and the fox quickly hid themselves in some bushes alongside the road. As the fish-seller's cart came into view, the fox slyly winked at the wolf.

"Watch this, pal. I'm gonna get myself a meal!"

In a few seconds, the fox was gone. On rumbled the cart. The fish-seller sat at the front of it, urging a tired horse to walk faster. Then, the wolf saw the fox. He had run up the road a bit and fallen on the ground as if he were dead. The fish-seller would be sure to see him!

"I wonder what he's up to?" thought the puzzled wolf.

"Whoa," called the fish-seller to his horse. He had seen the fox.

The wolf watched the man go over to the fox.

"H-m-m," smiled the fish-seller, "the hide of this fox will make a fine pair of gloves for me." With that, he threw the fox in the back of his cart.

After the cart had begun to move again, the "dead" fox came to life and began to throw the fish out of the cart into the thorny bushes. By the time the fish-seller found out what was going on, half of his fish had been thrown out: Of course, he tried to catch the fox, but it was no use. The fox was too fast. When the fish-seller got back into his cart, he was certainly a wiser man.

"Ha!," laughed the fox, sliding in beside the wolf in the bushes, "how's that for using your head. Now I'll have enough fish for ten meals. Why don't you try it?"

Quickly, the wolf ran ahead of the cart and lay in wait on the road.

"Oho," thought the fish-seller as he saw the "dead" wolf. Once again the man left his cart, but this time he was carrying a huge piece of wood.

Without warning, he began to beat the daylights out of the wolf. The poor wolf had just enough strength to drag himself to the safety of the forest.

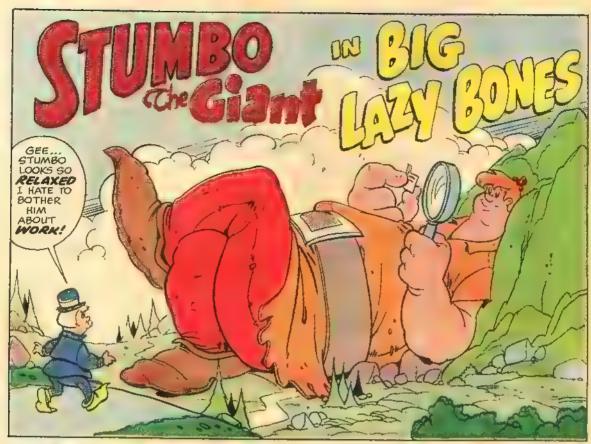
The fish-seller moved on feeling satisfied that at least he got one of the culprits.

"Too bad," chuckled the fox as the wolf passed licking his wounds.

"Grrrr ..." answered the wolf.

And from that day on, the fox and the wolf have been mortal enemies...or so some people say!















































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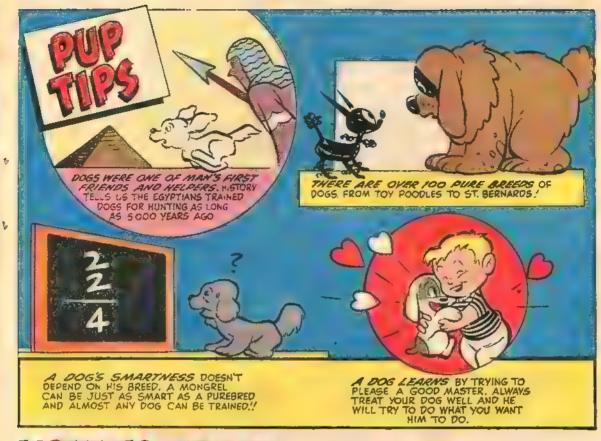


























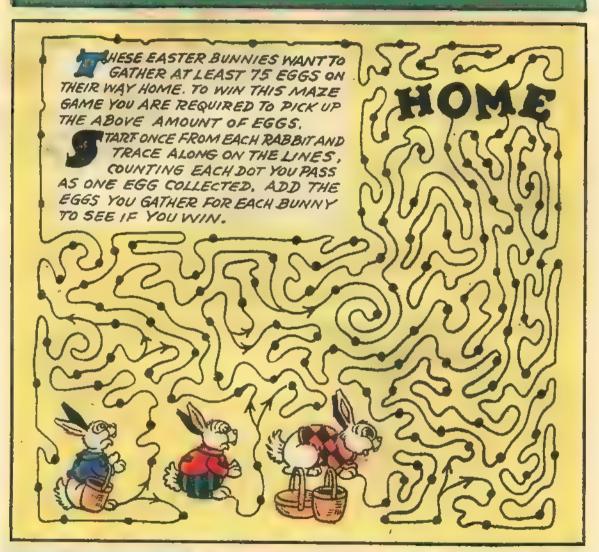






CAN YOU SOLVE THESE

PUZZLERS?



THE CORRECT WORDS IN THE BOXES READ-ING ACROSS, THE SAME WORDS WILL READ DOWNWARD.



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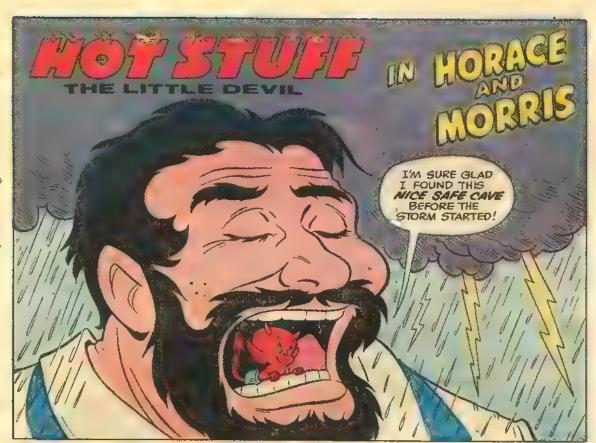














































































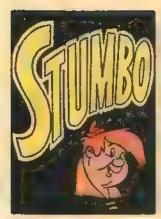










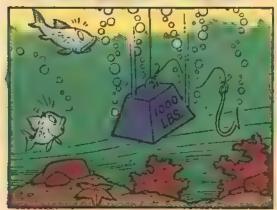














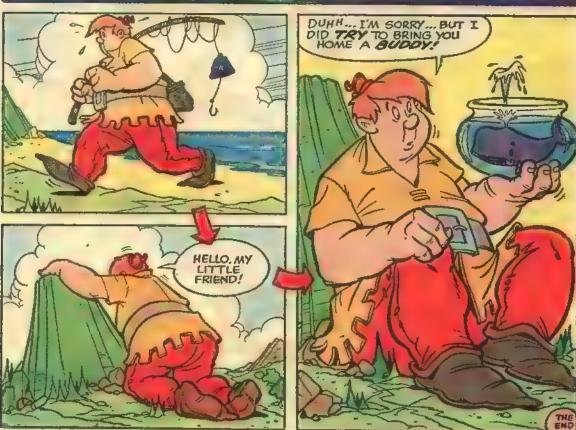
























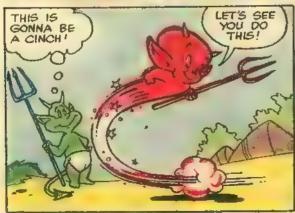






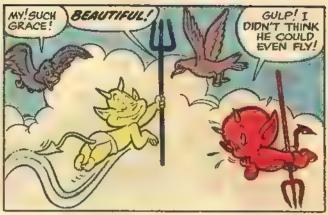






































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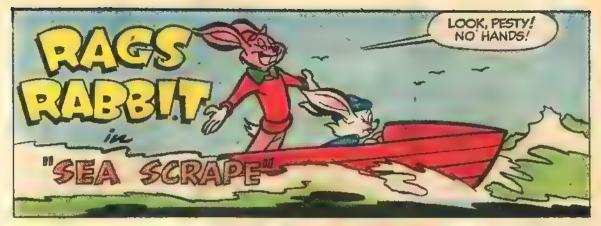






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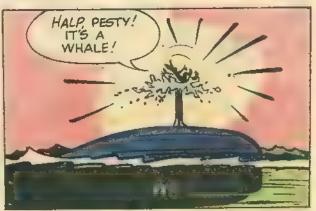
















































































































THE UNAFRAID CAT

Inky was a gay, friendly, coal-black little cat without a fear in the world. He didn't even know the meaning of the word "afraid." How should he have known? In all his short, merry life he'd never known anything but fun and frolic and gay, good times. Everyone he knew had always been kind and good to him. His family loved and protected him. His friends played and laughed with him. How, then, should he have known what fear was?

The answed is simple...he didn't know. And that was why his heart was so light and his spirit so carefree that autumn day when he met Butch. Inky himself was skipping down the road, humming a little tune, when he practically ran smack into Butch. Only of course he didn't yet know it was Butch. All Inky saw was a tall, brown, four-legged young fellow who looked different from anyone he'd ever seen before.

"Whoops!" he laughed. "Almost ran you down, didn't I, friend? Sorry!"

"Why don't you look where you're going?" roared the stranger. "Don't you have any better sense than to bump into a dog."

"'Dog?'" repeated Inky. "What's a dog?"

"I'm a dog!" answered the other. "A boxer. My name is Butch. Now you better start running..."

"Hi, Butch!" Inky interrupted cheerily. "Glad to meet you. But why should I start running?"

"Because you're a cat!" roared Butch in exasperation.

"Of course I'm a cat," agreed Inky reasonably. "But what has that got to do with it?"

"Cats are afraid of dogs, aren't they?" stormed Butch. "Good grief! Don't you know anything?"

"What does 'afraid' mean?" Inky wanted to know.

"You dope! When you're afraid of something, you think it's going to hurt you. So you tremble, you shiver and shake, you run away! Sometimes you cry! Now do you get the idea?"

"I guess so," replied Inky dougtfully. "But why should I be 'afraid! of you?"

"Because I'm a dog," Butch explained, "D-O-G...dog! And all cats are afraid of dogs!"

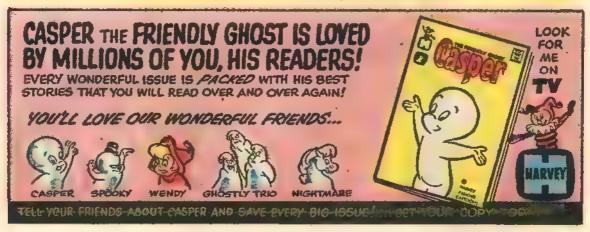
"Why?" asked Inky.

"'Why?" Butch was almost stuttering with rage. "Can't you ask anything but 'why?' Cats are afraid of dogs because . . . because . . . well, because they're supposed to be, I guess! Any fool knows that!"

"That's the silliest thing I ever heard!" laughed Inky. "Who decides about things that are 'supposed' to be? If two fellows like each other and want to be pals, what possible difference does it make if one's a cat and the other's a dog?"

"I... I guess I never thought about it like that!" admitted Butch. "Would... would you like to be pals with me?"

"You bet!" agreed Inky promptly. "Come on, pal! Let's play tag!" And together the dog and the cat romped off, never again to think of being 'afraid' of each other!



LESSON in LOVE

Nellie couldn't take her eyes off him. Surely he was the handsomest rooster in all the world. His glossy, smooth feathers brushed and polished to jet black perfection ... his brilliant scarlet comb ... his strong legs and proud strut ... oh, never was there a rooster like Rudolph!

The only trouble was that all the other hens in the barnyard felt the same way. They fussed and fretted over Rudolph constantly. Small wonder that he was so terribly conceited! With their unceasing simpering and sighing, their coyness and their coaxing, their flutterings and their flirtings, the hens themselves had made Rudolph think he was conferring the highest of honors upon them when he condescended merely to look at them! He paraded around the barnyard like an absolute monarch . . . king of all he surveyed ... lord of the manor. Why, at this very moment, he stood in the center of a group of chattering females, each one vying for his attention . . . for his smile . . . for one complimentary word, Nellie's heart sank as she watched . . . and listened. .

"Oh, Rudolph!" gushed Mabel, the plump black hen. "If only my feathers were as shiny as yours! Honestly, Rudolph darling, they're simply divine!"

"They certainly are!" chimed in Sylvia, the glamor girl of the lot. "How perfectly ridiculous to think that yours could ever

compare to them, Mabel!" She smiled cartily and winked at Rudolph.

"Now, now, girls!" he responded, enjoying himself hugely. "Let's not be nasty! I admit my feathers are handsome, but after all, I'm a male!"

"You certainly are!" agreed Joyce, another of the hens. She batted her eyelashes coyly. "You most certainly are!" she repeated.

Rudolph preened, looking around to see that everyone noticed. And his eye fell on Nellie, off in a corner by herself. "And what do you think of my feathers, Nellie?" he called jovially. "Don't be shy, little one! Come on over and join the conversation!"

"I'm not the least bit interested in your feathers . . . or in you!" retorted Nellie, "Nor do I care to join in the childish chatter you call conversation!" And deliberately, defiantly, she turned her back on him!

Rudolph was so surprised he simply stood there speechless. Then ... suddenly ... he was beside her. "I—I guess I did sound pretty conceited," he murmured. "Forgive me, Nellie ... and please come for a walk with me ..."

By the time that walk was over, they had set the wedding date! "How did you do it?" the other hens demanded. "How?!"

"Well," smiled the bride-to-be, "he was used to being adored and admired! So used to it that I figured the only girl he'd really notice would be the girl who didn't seem to care! And I was right!"









































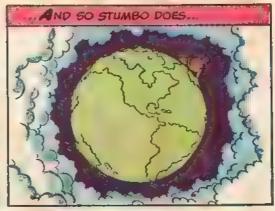
































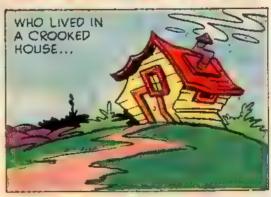




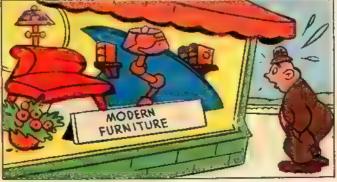


THERE WAS A CROOKED MAN...





























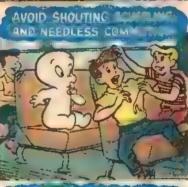






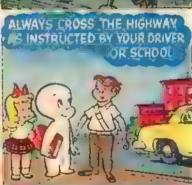
















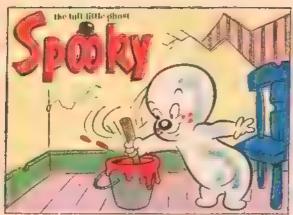




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I WON'T BE BACK
UNTIL LATE ----SO
BEFORE YOU GO TO
BED DON'T FORGET
TO PUT THE CAT OUT
FOR THE NIGHT!









once upon a time...





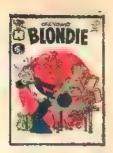






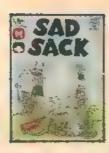


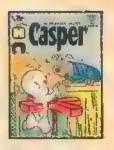


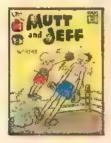




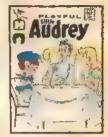
























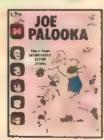










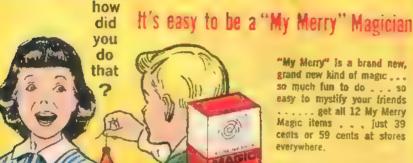








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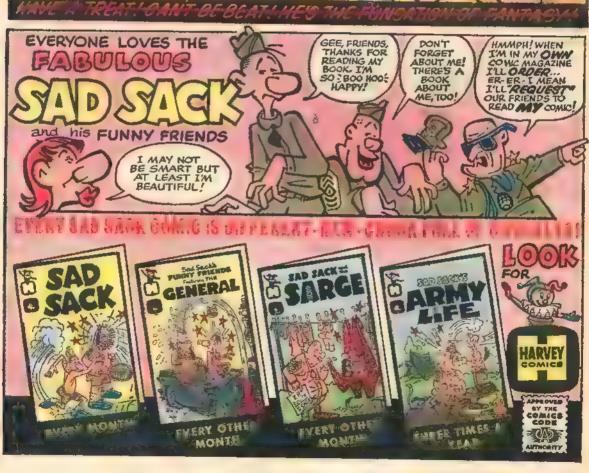
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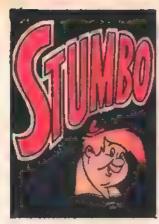








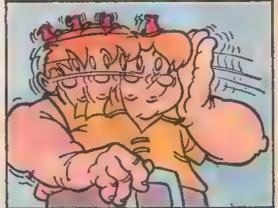












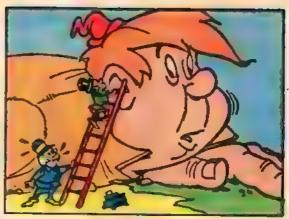


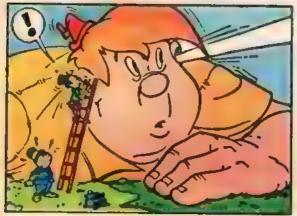






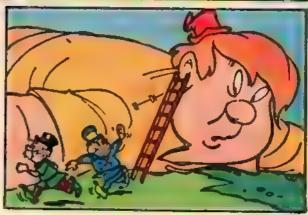


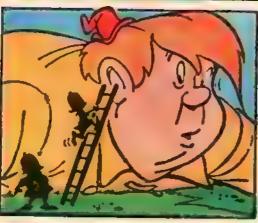
































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Full-Color Miniature Juke Box That Really Plays Takes Pennies, Nickels, Dimes and Quarters Fool-Proof Mechanism—Requires No Batteries All-Metal Construction—Built To Last



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JUKE BOX BANK - DEPT. B 43 BOX 72, ZONE 23 NEW YORK 23, N.Y.

Please	rush me _	JU	KE BOX			
	enclose \$.			cosh, chi	rek or M.	0. 1
	land that		nel com	plately	delighted,	my
money	will be rel	unded				

FRONTIER CABIN

\$ 00 5 for \$400

FOR 2-3 KIDS!

SPECIAL GIRL'S PLAYHOUSE NOW AVAILABLE!

Same size, shape and price as cabin. Imprinted brick walls, French windows, folded wood-slat shutters, flowers, shrubs, stoping roof, large door, etc.

Orders Shipped Within 24 Hours!

FRONTIER CABIN

Dept. 815-KS 147 W.42 St. New York 36, New York This huge, western-style cabin is a vialid's dream come true. Size Approx. 3 ft. high — 9 ft. square, 23 cubic ft. inside. Endless hours of play fun. Big enough for 2-3 kids to Tive' in this cabin of their very own. Constructed of specially treated, safe — flameproof and waterproof DuPont Polyethelene. Use year 'round, indoors or outdoors. No tools needed, nothing to assemble. Sets up in a jiffy, folds compactly for easy storage. Walls and door are realistically imprinted in authentic brown split-log design. Peaked roof is in contrasting color. In a youngster's imagination it quickly becomes a RANCH MOUSE. FARMHOUSE. PLAYHOUSE OF A LIFE-SIZE BOIL HOUSE FOR GIRLS. A Sunkhouse — Jailhouse — Sheriff's Office — Sever Clubhouse for Boys. This King-size cabin is out greatest bargain in years. A comparable \$3.98 value now only \$1.00. This sale price is made possible by your buying directly from factory. We are the largest Mirs. and Distrs. of playhouses in the U.S. Over 250,000 satisfied customers. They make wonderfut gifts. Buy several. Add 25c each house, postage and handling charges. Sorry, no C.O.D.'s, Special Offer; 5 for \$4.00. GUARANTEE; Try without risk or obligation for ten days. Let the kids play in and enjoy it. If they are not delighted return for immediate refund.

FRONTIER CABIN, Dept. 815-KS, 147 W. 42 St., N. Y. 36, N. Y.

Please send me items checked:

Large 2"x8" Name Plate fits on door. House can be personalized with child's name:

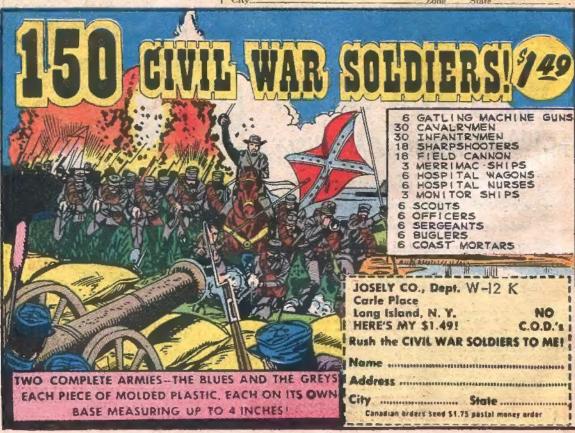
Troutier Cabin @ \$1.00 plus 25c postage and handling Girl's Playthouse @ \$1.00 plus 25c postage and handling Frontier Cabin or Giant Playhouse or Any Combination — 5 for only \$4.00 plus \$1.00 postage and handling Check M.O. Sorry, No C.O.D. s

I enclose Cash

Address

City.

Zone State



REASURE CHEST OF FU



BIKE SPEEDOMETER READS UP TO 30 M.P.H.

See how fest your ridings Time yourself in recing and see if you can better your top speed. Ne geers, no com-plicated mechanism. Fasten to handle hers and ge. Easy to install, Ne. 179... Only 754

Only 75¢



YOU, TOO, CAN BE TOUGH

Master Jui Jitsu and you'll win any light, This book gives all the grips, blocks, etc. which are so effective in counterattack, FREE book on how to perform strong men stunts also included. NO. 224

1.00



The most popular joke novelty in years! Wind up and wear it like a ring. When you shake hands, it almost raises the victim off his feet with a "shocking sensation." Absolutely harmless.

Only 50¢ No 239



Are you willing to take a chance? We won't tell you what you get, but because you're willing to gam-late, we'll give you pee're willing to you had, we'll give you had your than your merch, Goly 504



ATOMIC SMOKE BOME

lust light one and watch the column of thick, white smoke rise to the ceiling, mushrooming into a dense cloud, just like an A Bomb.



Place it on a chair under a cushion; then watch the fun when someone sits down! It gives forth embarrassing noises. Made of rubber, and inflatable. A scream at parties

and gatherings.

AMAZING MINIATURE RADIO

Tiny featherweight radio that operates without batteries, without tubes, but brings you years of listening pleasure. Nothing to wear oul or replace, Plays indefinitely. Complete with own ear-

NO. 044



BLECTRIC MOTOR **Drives All Models**



ELECTRONIC TARGET PERISCOPE

No. 590...

Look through the eyepiece as the enemy subs and ships come into view. Then aim and fire. The enemy's blasted out of the water. Can be used over and over again. Works on standard batteries.

.\$3.98

24" RUBBER 81.98



Greatest gag in years! Place this gadget inside any tail pipe and watch the fun. Sounds like the transmission, fuel pump, and whole rear end caved in. Harmless, but a panic.

MIDGET BIBLE

NO. 087



SNOW STORM TABLETS

Just place one of these on the end of a burning cigarette, and watch the snow fly.
It'll create a real indoor snow blizzard.

HOT CANDY

sure doesn't taste like it.

Looks like regular candy, but it

Burns their mouth when they eat it. Pkg. of 3

NO. 045

per pkg. 20¢

...124



BITTER CIGARETTE

Dip the ends of a

cigarette into this

tobacco-colored powder, and

MINIATURE SECRET CAMERA

rracipine comers so small of fits in expandite such weighs 2½ concess and tables 10 archives per full. Processes ground feing and livre expense shotter. Can be highly anywhere.

.1.25



BUILD A BODY OF STEEL

Stort Soving Results in Just 30 Days Pocket Sym will develop your chest, bicep triceps, neck, shoulders, slomach and legs, in just 30 days, you'll begin to earn the respect of all your friends—the admiration of all the girls. You'll keep fit and fear no 001_

Sorry, but we cannot ship orders totalling less than \$1.00' Kindly add 15d for postage and handling in all orders MONEY BACK GUARANTEE HONOR HOUSE PRODUCTS CORP.
Lynbroek, N V Dept. GK-25

Rush me the items listed below if I am not salis fied I may return any part of my purchase after 10 days free trial for full relund of the purchase

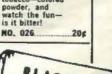
ITEM# INAME OF ITEM HOW MANY TOTAL PRICE



NO. 022. FOAMING SUGAR

Looks just like real sugar, but that's where the resemblance stops. When it's dropped in liquid, they overflow the and form clouds of suds. Seems as though it'll never stop.

NO. 549.



BLACKTINT

Sucker starts chewing this ordinary-looking gum and his mouth and teeth turn black. It's awful but harmless. NO. 570 .25g

BLACK CHEWING GUM

t enclose in full payment. The Honor House Products Corp will pay postage

Send COD I will pay posiman on delivery plus a few cents postage NAME . ADDRESS



ONE-WAY GLASS

ORE WAY Change seen, You leak thru one aids and it's just like a window, look in the other cide and it's a mirror. No. 6190 75¢



Ancient astrologers —
The Wise Men of Old
— used the Signs of the
Zodiac to mark the
position of stars and to
"foretell the future."

SENSATIONAL FREE OFFER!

The BEAUTIFUL ZODIAC RING is YOURS just for FILLING IN COUPON and MAIL-ING TO USI This is our way of introducing you to a whole wonderful world of EXCITING PREMIUMS which you can have for your very own!

PREMIUMS & HUNDREDS OF OTHERS!



WILSON CHEMICAL CO. Dept. 25-2, TYRONE, PA.

ZODIAC RING

Engraved with the "Star Sign" of Your Own Birth Month

King is a gleaning beauty: Made of sturdy brass in a 16-K gold electroplated finish. Engraved with your own mysterious Sign of the Zedies taken from ancient ster maps. Size guickly adjustable to fit any finger.

NOW, be the first to wear YOUR OWN GLEAMING, HANDSOME ZODIAC RING - engraved with your own ZODIAC SIGN that shows the month of your birth. You'll be the envy of your friends, for these exciting ZODIAC RINGS with their mysterious, ancient symbols are the very LATEST IN PERSONAL JEWELRY! And so easy to get - ABSOLUTELY FREE! Just fill out and mail the handy coupon below and we'll send your FREE ZODIAC RING at once, at NO COST TO YOU! Also we'll send you our BIG CATALOG OF WONDERFUL PREMIUMS - Electric Record Players, Football and Baseball Equipment, Bibles, Jewelry, Telescopes, Clocks, Fishing Rods, Flashlights, and dozens of others, which you can have for your very own simply by offering White CLOVERINE BRAND Solve. easily sold to friends, relatives and neighbors at 50c per package. But right now, get your FREE ZODIAC RING! FILL OUT THE COUPON AT ONCE and RUSH IT TO US TODAY! Your Zodiac Ring will be sent to you FREE without delay - along with your starting order of White CLOVERINE BRAND Salve.

FREE!

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Gentlemen: Please send my FREE ZODIAC RING at once. Also send me on trial 14 packages of WHITE CLOVERINE BRAND SALVE to sell at 50c a package. I will remit amount asked within 30 days, select a premium or Reep Cash Commission as explained under Premium Wanted in cotalog sent with order, postage paid to start. Be sure to send FREE ZODIAC RING.

Name Birth Date Street R.D. Box

Town Zone State Signature of Parent or Guardian

Signature of Parent or Guardian

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